

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Sinflation"

### *[Intro:]*

Today, tomorrow, six months, next year  
They have always held the keys to your fears  
Fast-forward, decades later, blood, sweat and tears  
Are shed to the creator, but it was all made-up  
Generation after generation, tell me what changes  
History keeps repeating itself for ages

### *[Verse 1:]*

He was driving a Tesla model S playing loud music  
He drove into an EMP storm and got electrocuted  
Trust fund lawyers were recruited, lawsuits were instituted  
"The electric car killed him"; prove it!  
Quantum evolution quantum conducive  
Quantum revolution rap music quantum electrocution  
Transformed him into a mutant, infrared eyesight lucid  
Sharpen the picture, fine-tune it or lose it  
God's gift, optic oculus rift; look around your environment  
But keep your composure, now what do you think?  
I think it's all gone to shit; these problems can't be fixed  
I think the only solution is reset  
They say comply or die, regroup on your side  
Or mine and stop making excuses about why  
Keep an eye on the micro, but notice the macro  
The bottom line is our slave masters are assholes

### *[Hook:]*

Today, tomorrow, six months, next year  
They have always held the keys to your fears  
Fast-forward, decades later, blood, sweat and tears  
Are shed to the creator, but it was all made-up  
It ain't today, tomorrow, six months, or next year  
They enjoy playing off of all our fears  
Fast-forward, decades later, blood, sweat and tears  
Are shed to the creator, we don't worship no paper

### *[Verse 2:]*

#### Preach

The higher the peak, the lower we are forced to dig deep  
The best outcome is always out of reach  
Do you agree to disagree about hope? 'Course you don't  
Believe everything they see, you'll never see through the smoke  
You say you know the ledge, that's just a theoretical edge  
To make the world a better place you need more than a pledge  
Trust no one, even yourself  
And this includes the person giving, receiving, or needing some help  
But you sold them your soul, and they stretched out your donut hole

You only know what you were told, not what you behold  
The collapse is simultaneously triggered  
Now you know what it feels like to be a statistic  
Poor sons of bitches ain't allowed to make decisions  
We're middle-class midgets living off of Third World figures  
They say the economy's grown  
But if you look there's more vacant homes than homeless people living on the road

*[Hook]*

*[Verse 3:]*

You stop getting chances when you stop taking them  
So just follow your orders, never question who's making them  
"Let us hold hands, let us pray with him"; excuse me, what's your name again?  
"Okay, we'll have another round of Jameson  
Drink up, rejoice, let's pretend we always have a choice  
Cause we sure as hell never had a voice"  
The day of reckoning, your last will and testament  
Text-messaging emergency services still testing pings  
Black Swan psychologists could've been worse, they could've been communists  
Objection sustained, McCarthyism, counselor  
A complete monopoly, this is proper Hip-Hop verbosity  
Show you how it be and how it look to me  
They build, destroy, recycle, that's how they get it done  
Vocal percussions, no interruptions, perfection  
Soundproof coffins, the haunted eavesdrop too often  
It's always me and the Lord when I'm talking  
Taking long walks on winter beaches falling  
With splinters and blisters and the sound of whispering torment  
The guillotines are sharpening, their background music is ominous  
Laying there naked dying from insomnia  
Hungry 'cause they're starving us, gun sentries, hall monitors  
Droning and daunting, my dear long-armed darlings  
We are death-marching, ritual, sinister, barefoot prisoners  
Dig a hole so POWs can shit in it  
Prisoners during peacetime, peaceful and primitive  
We never could understand, what the fuck is a derivative?  
Admit it: we were all deceived with such relative ease  
Only because we dared to dream  
They stole control with a single act of multiple hacks  
They were literal, visceral, non-physical attacks  
City-wide but then the chaos metastasized to the countryside  
We cried, our Bill of Rights were nullified  
So miserable, so sad, I don't ever think I've felt this bad  
Feelings are emotions, emotions are scams  
Wealth intimidates poor people more than violence  
So they hide it, I've been on both sides of the fence  
The common man changed to behave as a slave  
Reading alien waves in a daze on a Forex page  
When Braveheart was brought to King's Court he was shackled in chains  
I heard him say "that was an unwinnable game"

